



THE New Republic

**What the People of
Russia Are Reading**
by J. F. Matlock

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The Crucifix at the Crossroads
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by David Ebbitt

JANUARY 2, 1956

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Washington Wire T.R.B.

Congress starts next week, and this is a good chance for quick review. If you don't understand certain background facts, you don't understand the news.

Parties: There is always a temptation to overestimate American party discipline and to imagine that parties have evolved to a stage of responsibility found in other democratic countries. They haven't. It is true Democrats tend to be more liberal than Republicans, but this does not always hold. The Democratic South blocks civil-rights reform; the two Congressional leaders, Rayburn and Johnson, favor the natural gas grab that would add billions to city dwellers' fuel bills. Most Congressmen are more interested in local than national issues; are concerned in Presidential campaigns primarily as they aid or hinder their own re-election. Some day we may have responsible parties; today it is still largely the difference between the "Ins" and the "Outs." Many people emotionally identify themselves with parties for little better reason than they have for being Yankee or Dodger fans.

Regulatory Commissions: These agencies make the fourth great branch of government of which the average voter has barely heard. There are eight or ten of these enormously important groups (Interstate Commerce Commission, Atomic Energy Commission, National Labor Relations Board, etc.) that police various aspects of our lives, our rights and our economy. They are established by Congress, named by the President, and are theoretically bipartisan. Membership turnover is rapid, however, and a new Administration soon controls them. Of the eight biggest commissions Ike's appointees now control seven. (The Federal Trade Commission, for example, is supposed to control monopolies: four of the five members, are now Ike appointees with strongly conservative backgrounds.) Down to Ike's day there was a tradition of re-appointing members so as to achieve continuity and impartiality. Ike, however, has not reappointed a *single* commissioner named by a former President to the top eight agencies. In some cases

he has named "Democrats" who voted for him or were passed on by the GOP national committee.

Oil: Oil and gas industries are up to their necks in politics because they get a huge special tax exemption called a "depletion allowance." The situation here is almost unbelievable. The oil companies are lucky that the public doesn't understand it. A recent *Fortune* magazine article says the 18 biggest oil companies had total profits last year of \$2.9 billion before taxes. Other corporations would have paid 52 percent of this to the Treasury (\$1.5 billion) but the oil companies paid only 29 percent (\$.8 billion). Out of the \$.7 billion of tax savings the privileged oil companies can buy newspapers, run advertisements, subsidize Congressmen and persuade taxpayers that this is a fine system.

China Lobby: The USA is stuck with Chiang Kai-shek. This means that the little island of Formosa is one of the five members of the UN Security Council with veto power equal to ours and the Soviets. The big political fact in Washington is that no politician dares acknowledge the absurdity of the situation because of America's fixed position. This in turn stems back in part to the China Lobby thesis that Chiang was somehow "betrayed" by the State Department in the interests of the Reds. Some day, somehow, reality will break through. Until then Moscow will twist our arm causing us pain 'round the world, using Chiang's veto to excuse its own UN veto of our friend Japan, and appealing strongly to democracies like Britain, who want to trade with Red China.

Cost of Living: The present gratifying stability of the "Eisenhower dollar" is purchased by farm misfortune. While the price of industrial products has been rising steadily for three years the price of food has been going down. These counterbalancing factors give us a level cost of living which is fine for everybody but the farmers. Stability based on the misfortune of one big economic group seems unlikely to last. Now the GOP has hired Los Angeles public-

relations man Ted Braun to improve Secretary Benson's popularity. But even this step is unlikely to solve the American farm problem. One proposal increasingly heard is to limit the amount of farm subsidy given to any one farmer. It hardly helped the ideal "family-size farm," for example, to pay the Delta & Pine Land Co. (Miss.) \$1,292,472 on cotton as was done in 1954, or the Campbell Farming Corp. (Mont.) \$430,691 in wheat loans.

The Presidency: The American Presidency is just as big a job as the occupant makes it. Its influence has no limit but the sky. Walter Lippmann, in a stimulating article in this magazine, December 5, quoted Woodrow Wilson's thesis that the answer to the evils of predominance by local-minded Congressmen is a strong President. Until Cleveland, Wilson supposed that contemporary Presidents "should wear a clean and irreproachable insignificance." Under Cleveland he learned the difference. America has had no insignificant Presidents since Harding-Coolidge-Hoover. The Presidency is increasingly the policy-making — the conceptual — agency of government. This role grows more crucial amidst world tension. Generally a President can achieve harmony with Congress only at the price of doing little, or of accepting insignificance—the ship moves forward only at the cost of the wave at its prow.

Ike came to office with an outdated conception of our government but quickly discovered that Congress would move only if he pushed. Now with his heart attack, an even more serious situation exists. America is governed by a Regency not a President. There is no way for correspondents to ask Ike questions or to bring his subordinates to account even though they have deceived him as they evidently did in the Dixon-Yates matter. This situation is not distasteful to conservatives. The whole drive to get Ike to run a second time is postulated on the expressed hope of diminishing the great office and making it less exacting and important. This is the first drive in history to tailor the Presidency to the man. The Republicans next year would nominate a man of 66 who has suffered a heart attack for one of the world's toughest jobs knowing that no insurance company would give him a policy. They are not afraid of Presidential insignificance—they seek it.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Doctors and Mr. Eisenhower's Decision

IN VIEW of the many statements of White House advisers that the President will run again, Dr. Paul White's comments on his famous patient deserve close review. On September 26, when he was first called in, Dr. White declared that Mr. Eisenhower could "quite conceivably" come out of his heart attack strong enough to serve a second term. On September 30, he added, "Many things are possible that may not be advisable. . . . He may or may not have complete recovery. . . . If I were in his shoes I wouldn't want to run again having seen the strain." On October 17 Dr. White stated, "The ultimate future is favorable but any question about what he might be doing a year from now—such questions are unanswerable."

On December 17, Dr. White reported favorably on the President's health. But his optimism, headlined by the press, was still tempered by judicious qualification. "The present trend is good *but* we have got another examination to make." "The *majority* of our patients . . . do not have second attacks." "With average luck and common sense it is *possible* for the President to live for years and be fully active." [Italics ours.]

Most laymen assume that doctors can accurately predict the consequences of an attack of coronary thrombosis; they are surprised to learn there is no adequate information on which to base such predictions. For coronary occlusion has been recognized as a clinical entity for less than 40 years.

Nevertheless there are a number of published studies that relate to the President's case. One is *Clinical Heart Disease* by Samuel Levine. Another is Dr. White's own work, *Heart Disease*. Both men would strenuously object to seeing conclusions about one man drawn from their studies. And yet if the President runs, reference to such studies is inevitable. "I gather from White's book," remarked one citizen in private recently, "that in a series of 200 cases of coronary thrombosis, 88 either died

in a month or lived *more* than 10 years; 112 had succumbed from one month to 10 years after their heart attacks. And, finally, according to Levine, out of 100 people *recovering* from coronary thrombosis, 75 will be dead within five years."

If the President runs again he asks the American people to judge his availability in terms of five years. On this basis, the accompanying table has been drawn, from the best of studies available. They are at best a very rough comparison. They indicate that from 27 to 76 percent of the patients under study are known to have survived for a five-year period. Two questions are immediately relevant:

How many of the patients under review were 65-year-old white males?

How many had clinical histories similar to President Eisenhower's?

The answer to the first question is not available. Several of the authors agree, however, that the younger the patient at the time of his first occlusion, the better his chances for prolonged survival.

Some clues are offered as to the

number of patients who had clinical histories similar to the President's. Of Bland and White's 162 patients who survived the initial attack of coronary occlusion, 55 (34 percent) had a so-called "complete" recovery. More than half of these 55 patients survived the first decade. Of the 24 patients who died, 19 succumbed to a complication of their heart disease.

Dr. Louis Katz of Chicago has advanced the theory that patients who are at rest at the time of onset of coronary occlusion have a worse prognosis for survival than those who are exercising or under emotional stress—this because patients who have attacks while resting presumably have poorer coronary circulation than those whose attacks are "triggered" by physical or emotional stress. Dr. Arthur N. Master regards *symptoms* or their absence, rather than *tests*, as the best prognostic guide, and Dr. Katz seems to be in agreement when he says that the best index to prognosis is the ability of the patient to resume activity—"The aim should be moderation—not too much or too little activity."

No single factor is recognized as the cause of fatty plaques or lumps in the

Five-Year Recovery of Patients Who Survive Initial Coronary Occlusion

Authors	Year of Publication	No. of Patients Followed	Survived 5 years
Bland, Edward F. & White, Paul D.	1941	162	50%
Levine, Samuel A. & Rosenbaum, Francis F.	1941	101 (followed until death)	27%
Friedberg, C. K.	1950	478	50%
Sigler, Louis H.	1951	785 living* (650 males)	45.3% of males 37.8% of females
		423 (followed until death—296 males)	31.6% of males 15.2% of females
Mutual Life Insurance Company of N. Y.	1950	1551 (over 99% males)	69%
Smith, Carter	1953	100	76%
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	1953	166 (white males)	70%
Katz, Louis N. et al.	1954	285	66.6%
Master, Arthur N. et al.	1954	500*	53%

* These series include some living patients who had not been followed a full 5 years at the time of publication.

linings of arteries being formed—which creates the predisposing conditions in which coronary occlusion occurs. The coronary-heart disease rate in countries where the people have low-fat diets is only a fraction of that in the US. A high-fat diet is, in the opinion of many scientists, the most likely villain; physical exercise (or the lack of it) is a runner-up; while stress and strain are, rightly or wrongly, considered of great importance by the layman.

The presence of fatty plaques in the vessels supplying the heart gives no

overt sign—as evidenced by the President's appearance of health the day before his seizure; nor are they discernible outwardly or by electro-cardiograph, so that the imminence of another attack cannot be predicted.

The one thing that is discernible is the absence of any facts that can assure Mr. Eisenhower's survival through a second term. The figures point towards good recovery and survival for a man under "average" strain. The President must decide whether the Presidency is in that happy category.

endorsement. Yet he knows that without popular backing the endorsement may be withdrawn on the insistence of the White House staff. The President likes Nixon; he feels that he owes him an obligation, a feeling which may derive from the President's sense of guilt concerning his failure to back Nixon at once during the expense account crisis of 1952. But Eisenhower does not respect Nixon as a man of Presidential stature and he is unlikely to single him out as his successor.

Those Who Would or Could Be President

THE PRESIDENT shapes the spirit and the course of the nation, but in no time in the last 40 years has it been harder to say who the next President will be.

Dwight Eisenhower. The President's political organization and power is of course the most massive in the nation. His own mind is still open about running again. Republican pressure is mounting upon him, with each week that he fails to prepare the way for his succession. The pressure apparently does not disturb him. His optimism over peace has presumably receded. But the two men who he believes are qualified to be President, his brother Milton, and General Gruenther, are both ruled out. So his own candidacy may seem unavoidable. "His highest ambition," wrote the Alsops in a column which we believe is accurate,

has been to remake the Republican Party as a moderate-conservative party. . . . He does not think the job is finished yet. He does not believe in fact that it can be finished without another four years of moderate-conservative Republican control of the White House. All this appears to confirm the judgment of the majority of those who know the President well that on balance he would like to run again if he really feels able to do so.

In this event he will start well ahead of any Democrat. The Gallup Poll, incredibly, indicates that the present inclination of the voters is barely influenced by his heart attack.

Richard Nixon. The Vice President has languished since Eisenhower partially resumed his role. He cannot campaign for the Presidency without sacrificing his essential asset—the President's

Christian Herter. The 60-year-old Governor of Massachusetts describes himself as an Eisenhower man, "lock, stock and barrel." He will not of course compete against the President: he has moved up to make himself a focal point of Eisenhower Republicanism in the event that Eisenhower and Warren are not available. For, like Walter Lippmann, he regards the Vice President as an opportunist who, once on his own, may veer from the Eisenhower heritage. Four disabilities work against him: his birth overseas in Paris; his arthritis; the Presidential ambitions of a fellow resident of Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge; and the fact that nationally he is little known. Nevertheless he will come to an open convention as a favorite son, well supported throughout New England and the Northeast. The campaign literature, mailed out on his behalf by Channing Bete of Greenfield, Massachusetts, asks fellow Americans (including the editors of *The New Republic*) "Would you be willing to form a neighborhood chapter of the 'Christian A. Herter for President-in-case-Eisenhower - Doesn't - Run - Again Club?'" Bete hopes to do for Herter, what Leonard Snider of New Hampshire did for Eisenhower in 1952.

Earl Warren. The Chief Justice has not finally ruled out a draft. Once drafted his election would be probable. In 1952, he ran a colorless campaign for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Thomas Dewey whom he neither liked nor greatly admired. Today he is an immeasurably stronger man.

Harold Stassen. He is the ablest and coldest man in the Republican Party. His strength is the President's belief that Stassen was influential in his nomination—a fact other Eisenhower managers deny. His weakness is the lack of a political base in Minnesota or Penn-

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sylvania, and the distrust that the party leaders hold for him.

William F. Knowland. The sole announced Republican candidate is today no more than an expendable front man for the Republican Right, whom it will use for bargaining purposes at an open convention. The strategy is explained by McCarthy's biographer and adviser L. Brent Bozell. "Senator Knowland, according to the plan, would act as titular standard bearer—on the understanding that the coalition's final selection will not be made until the convention. Knowland's immediate task would be to capture the all-important California primary, to enter the Oregon primary, and perhaps Minnesota's. McCarthy's assignment: Wisconsin, Nebraska, New Jersey and, tentatively, Massachusetts. With Dirksen, Bricker and Bridges running as favorite sons, politicians believe the coalition could look forward to arriving in San Francisco with 250 primary state votes. Knowland would seek the balance of power from convention selected delegates, concentrating on the South, Midwest and West.

Estes Kefauver. New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Florida have been added to the list of primaries that the Senator will contest. He expects to win all three, and in California, to gain his last and decisive victory over Stevenson. Jiggs Donahue, an able professional who was the government prosecutor in the Harry Bridges deportation case, and later a Commissioner of the District of Columbia, has taken over as Kefauver's campaign manager. The Kefauver-for-President Committee is organizing state and local branches from its headquarters in the Pennsylvania Building in Washington. The Kefauver campaigns in Florida and California will be better financed than the Stevenson staff now assumes. Edwin Pauley, the independent oil man, is raising large funds for Kefauver in California. Edward Lamb, a radio and television station owner in Erie, Pennsylvania, is organizing financial support in the East.

Adlai Stevenson. At 231 South La Salle Street in Chicago, the staff of the Stevenson Campaign Headquarters is now complete. Jim Finnegan, the new-style professional politician from Pennsylvania, is established as Political Campaign Manager. His deputy, Hy Raskin, formerly assistant to the Democratic Na-

tional Chairman, travels, and at present is working in California. Arkansas editor Harry Ashmore and Rober Tubby (former press secretary to Harry Truman and staff adviser to Governor Harriman) handle public relations and the press. John Brademas, a former Rhodes Scholar, and Democratic candidate for Congress in Indiana, organizes the position papers that large numbers of advisers prepare into drafts that Stevenson himself turns into speeches. Nearby, at 69 West Washington Street, the Stevenson-for-President Committee is now set up. (The term Volunteers has been abolished as offensive to party men). The *Louisville Courier's* Barry Bingham and Mrs. Jane Dick divide responsibility as Co-Chairmen. Archie Alexander, former Treasurer and Democratic National Committeeman from New Jersey is Director. John Horne, administrative assistant of Senator Sparkman, Stanley Karson, formerly of Senator Lehman's staff, and John Sharon of the law firm of Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly and Ball assist in organizing state and local committees. So far they are established in Minnesota, Washington, Oregon, Wis-

consin and Florida. The New York committee, led by Mrs. Roosevelt and Thomas Finletter, will soon be announced.

Leaders of the AFL-CIO are heavily committed to Stevenson. The Governor is not greatly concerned with the recent rise in Kefauver's popularity. In late January he will make his first political tour of 1956 around the West Coast; then he plans next to campaign in Minnesota, then to work back through Florida where he collides with Kefauver on May 8.

Averell Harriman. An inept staff set back the Governor of New York. He answers now that if the two leading Democrats kill each other off, he will emerge warmly backed by Truman, and nominated despite the opposition of the South. Other Democratic leaders are doubtful. They assume that Kefauver cannot be nominated. They conclude that if he stops Stevenson, then a roomful of leaders will be able to hand pick the Democratic candidate, whose name will not be Harriman.

Dulles' Budget: Everyone Is Confused

IN EVERY Presidential Cabinet there is at least one member who considers himself a "policy man" divorced from administration, a man who leaves the mechanics of his agency almost solely in the hands of subordinates. This arrangement has commended itself to most secretaries of state for the past 15 years, or rather forced itself upon such men as Hull, Byrnes, Acheson, and Dulles.

Their almost total preoccupation with political policy has accounted for some of the astonishing miscarriages of the personnel security program.

A schizophrenic separation of policy from operations causes greatest confusion each year at budget time, when the President's program must be translated into money values. For a Secretary of State this means putting a tag on the Cold War, or computing salaries and expenses for 15,000 men and their families in perhaps 80 countries, occupying a quarter billion dollars of foreign real estate, and transmitting millions of words by cable and radio to Washington. It also means about \$100 million for an international information program and several billions for foreign economic aid.

When price-tags are computed by sub-

ordinates and approved by the Director of the Budget, the Secretary's troubles begin. For he is then expected to be the oracle who explains to members of Congress what these figures mean.

This was the point at which Secretary of State John Foster Dulles recently caused a statistical tempest in Washington by talking to Congressional leaders about foreign aid *expenditures*, when they thought he was talking about *appropriations*. Every Washington correspondent felt called upon to explain the figures, and further snarled the meaning. Finally Secretary Dulles was compelled to devote a one-hour press conference to the subject, and White House liaison officers made endless trips to Congressional offices applying poultices to the wounds.

There are three "budgets" which appear in the President's budget message in January.

First is the President's *appropriation request*, a list of the amounts of money which the President wants the Congress to approve during the coming spring. Some of this money will be spent during the year beginning next July 1. Some will not be spent for two or even three

years. Mr. Dulles meant to tell the Congressional leaders that the *appropriation request* for foreign aid will be about \$5 billion, compared to \$2.7 billion voted this year.

Second is the President's *administrative budget*. This is an estimate of the money the Treasury will take in and pay out in the year beginning July 1, excluding social security and other trust funds. When Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey says he hopes to balance the budget by next June 30, this is the budget to which he refers. Mr. Dulles was speaking of this budget when he told Congressional leaders that expenditures on foreign aid next year would be about the same as this year, that is, about \$4 billion.

Third is the *cash budget*. This is a combination of the administrative budget plus the trust funds. It is generally referred to in government documents by the longer title of "Cash Receipts from and Payments to the Public."

By setting off a confusing debate over budget terms, Mr. Dulles diverted attention of both the American public and the world from a very far reaching decision of the National Security Council which lay behind his foreign-aid figures. The decision was that American foreign aid should continue on a plateau of \$4 billion a year for an indefinite period.

This is a far cry from the spirit in which the US cut off lend-lease aid abruptly on August 21, 1945, just one week after Japan surrendered. It is a

very different attitude from that which prevailed throughout European reconstruction when foreign aid was regarded as a brief but intensive investment of US funds that would put the Western world back on its feet. Leaders of both parties have emphasized for 10 years the temporary nature of foreign aid.

But in December, 1955, with a new Soviet threat developing in South Asia, the Middle East and Africa, the goal of eliminating foreign aid appears farther and farther in the future. This the NSC recognized, and Dulles announced it to the world. "I think it is a fair inference," he said, "that we consider that both economic aid and military aid will need to go on for a considerable period of time at about the present level."

Collision in Michigan—Republican GM and Republican Ford

GENERAL MOTORS and Ford have carried their slam-bang business animosities into the Republican Party of Michigan. The feud has left the local party leaderless and broke.

This is not the wishful thinking of local Democrats, but the assertion of staunchly Republican *Fortune* magazine which sent one of its editors, Duncan Norton-Taylor, to prepare the gloomy report published in the December issue.

The situation became serious when GM executives refused to contribute funds to a Ford-dominated state committee, so serious that GOP National Committee Chairman Leonard Hall called the principals to Washington for a conference in November.

Fortune quotes a Michigan GOP worker, whose name is withheld, on how GM and Ford became embroiled. "Ford is moving heaven and earth to place Ford cars first in the hearts and minds of the public. GM is mad at Ford. It is mad about Ford's giving in on the supplemental unemployment benefit deal. For years GM officials have been supporters of the Republican Party, and had a lot more political consciousness than Ford. But within recent years Ford has taken a greater interest in state affairs. So now this business jealousy has extended over into politics. They just don't like each other. If one was for God, the other would be for the devil."

Since 1952 Ford has been supporting the state GOP Committee, including Chairman John Feikins of Detroit and National Committeeman Clifford O'Sul-

livan of Port Huron. These men were leaders of the Citizens for Eisenhower before the 1952 convention. Henry, Benson, and William Ford each contributed \$3,000 to this committee in 1955.

But GM President Harlow Curtice, though he also was an Eisenhower man, now supports a GOP faction which was once loyal to the late Sen. Robert A. Taft and would like to oust the present state machine leadership. The feud came to a boil last spring when Taftites, led by Postmaster General Summerfield's son, Arthur Jr., tried to overthrow Feikins in the GOP state convention. The Taftites were defeated after a bitter row, and thereafter all Republican contributions from GM executives and most GM suppliers ceased.

The amazing decline of the Michigan GOP from virtual one-party state control prior to 1930 to its present plight is of recent origin. In the 1930s and 1940s Franklin D. Roosevelt carried Michigan in all but one of his campaigns (1940), but the Republicans consistently sent to Congress more than twice as many Republicans as Democrats. The two parties divided control over the governorship about evenly during this period.

In 1952 the Democrats captured the governorship, and in 1954 they swept the Republicans from almost every statewide office. GOP control of the State House of Representatives, which stood at 95-5 in 1946, was cut to 59-51 in 1954. This was the background against which the present GM-Ford struggle

developed, but it had its beginnings at the 1952 Republican convention.

Postmaster General Summerfield, then national committeeman for Michigan, tried to lead the 46-man Michigan delegation as a neutral bloc which could dictate the results of the Eisenhower-Taft nomination fight. Summerfield said privately that he "leaned toward" Eisenhower, but there was a young man on the delegation, John Feikins, who refused to go along with this evasive game. He declared openly he would support Eisenhower, no matter what the delegation chairman did.

When Summerfield resigned all his state Republican positions in 1952 to enter the Eisenhower Cabinet, Feikins stepped into his role of state leader. But there is growing evidence that Summerfield did not, in fact, relinquish the reins, and has been attempting to steer Michigan affairs from the Post Office Department in Washington. Leonard Hall appeared to confirm this when he called in Summerfield as spokesman for the GM officials during the truce talks.

All this has placed Defense Secretary Charles Wilson in an awkward position, for though he is the former GM president, he appears to have little influence over the political views of his successor, Harlow Curtice, and Wilson's son, Edward E. Wilson, an active Michigan Republican, has backed Feikins.

No automobile official has been quoted publicly on either side of this Michigan feud. As one of them observed nervously, the customers may be Democrats.



The Superficial Aspect

Sense on Surpluses

Perhaps during the New Year now upon us some American politician of some party in some section of the country, straining his intellectual seams by perusing the *World Almanac*, will come across the statement that the farm population of the United States now comprises about 21 million people—and will not only read the statement, but will suddenly grasp its implications. Then when they have forced brandy between his teeth and brought him to, he will be a changed man. He will talk about the farm program in words that make sense.

For if there are 160 million people in the country, and if only 21 million live on the farms, then the non-farm majority is in the ratio of 139 to 21, which is a very heavy majority. This should give the politician an inkling of the great truth that the farm program, as a political issue, centers in Detroit and Pittsburgh, rather than in Iowa and Kansas. That is to say, the political profit in this issue lies in protecting the interest of the 139, rather than that of the 21.

It is definitely not in the interest of the city dweller that Piers Plowman should be liquidated *a la* the Russian kulak. On the contrary, the interest of the urbanite is best served when the horny-handed son of toil is kept, not merely alive, but functioning at the highest attainable level of efficiency. If this entails some expenditure of public funds and some additional labor on the part of government officials, what of it? Public funds are supposed to be spent for the benefit of the public, and job-holders ought to earn their pay.

As of the end of 1955 two propositions would seem to be unassailable. One is that when skillful and assiduous husbandry causes the earth to yield its fruits in vast abundance, living should be easier for everybody. The other is, that in the United States at present great abundance has resulted in increasing distress for the farmer, while the city man's cost of living hangs a hairsbreadth below the highest point it ever touched in peace or war.

Let the politicians take it from there.

So far, that is what they have refused to do. They

take it from the point of maintaining the farmer's solvency, on the one hand, and of disposing of surpluses on the other. The city man's cost of living doesn't enter the political equation. Vast quantities of food and fibers are held in government warehouses, while the city man pays appalling prices for a shirt or ham.

Never mind price supports, rigid or flexible. Never mind parity, high or low. These incidentals may interest the 21, but the farm problem that agitates the 139 is stated in this question: when there are vast surpluses of grain and meat, cotton and wool, why do food and clothing cost so much?

Truman's man Brannan had an answer, but in 1952 all hands agreed that Brannan is a lunatic. Maybe he is; I don't know. But to a superficial observer nothing that Brannan ever said is crazier than the Benson proposition that it is better from the economic standpoint to have one shirt and one ham than to have two. Yet that is the essence of the present Administration's proposal to reduce the farm surpluses by reducing production.

Henry Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture carried that policy into effect, but Wallace never denied that it was crazy. He justified it as a doctor justifies the practice of feeding a man digitalis, a deadly poison, when his heart is acting up. A doctor who would administer digitalis to a man with a sound heart would be a murderous quack. Now that the country has recovered from the depression of the thirties Wallace's medicine has become poison.

Yet the present Administration apparently can think of nothing else to do, and even its critics have not yet come up with any idea that makes much more sense. For instance, Sen. Kerr Scott's (D, N. C.) ingenious system of a sliding scale that would give the family farmer a larger measure of support than the huge agricultural corporation is designed rather to fill the country with farmers than to fill it with things to eat and things to wear. And not many people still cherish Jefferson's notion that some peculiar virtue attaches to tillers of the soil that makes their preservation paramount to that of machinists and plasterers.

Presumably one reason why politicians approach this question so coyly is their belief that any farm program that would make living easier for everybody would at the same time threaten the existing price structure. Eventually, though, it will occur to some genius that lowering the price structure, although undoubtedly dangerous, is no more so than exterminating the farmer, either physically, or by reducing his rate of production. And when that genius begins to chatter we shall have a debate on the farm problem that will interest 139 Americans for each 21 interested now.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

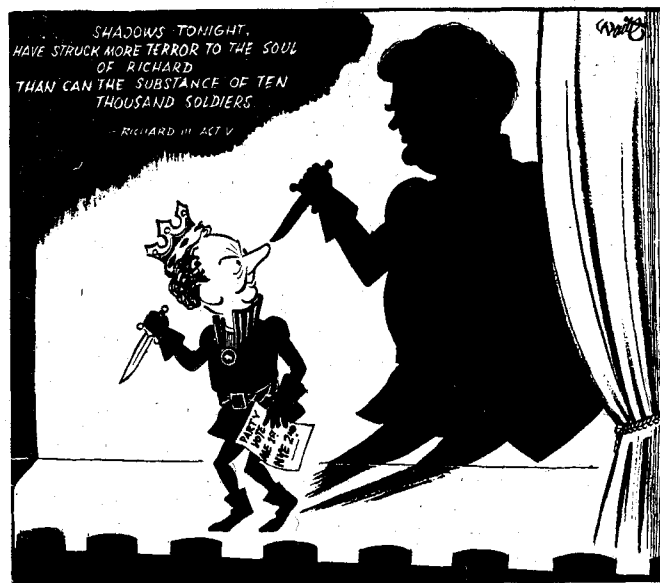
The Young Mr. Gaitskell

by Hugh Massingham

WHAT IS the state of the British Labour Party now that Clement Attlee has given up the leadership and Hugh Gaitskell reigns in his stead? It is not an easy question. The optimists are naturally full of jubilation. Mr. Gaitskell has been elected so easily that he has been shown to have the support of a majority of the Parliamentary Party: at the moment his authority is very firmly based. Had he only just won, had either of his two rivals—the right-wing, Mr. Herbert Morrison, or the left-wing, Mr. Aneurin Bevan—been a strong runner-up, some of Mr. Gaitskell's critics would have sharpened their knives in the happy expectation that they might soon get their revenge. As it is, Mr. Gaitskell seems safe from any stab in the back—at least for the time being. He is the man in possession and that alone gives him an immense advantage. When Mr. Attlee retired from the leadership, all those to whom he had given jobs handed in their resignations, and these prizes are now in Mr. Gaitskell's gift. For the moment a lot of people have good reason to demonstrate that they love him dearly.

But the optimists go much further than this. What has been wrong with the Labour Party during these last few years, they say, is that it has been without leadership. Nobody would deny that there is a great deal of truth in this complaint, though it has not been entirely Mr. Attlee's fault. The party has been haunted by all the mistakes it made in the past, while the old visions and certainties no longer glowed with the same virginal brightness. Besides, the Socialists were not really equipped, either in the country or in the House, to stand up to their opponents. Their electoral machine was out of date and rusty, a strange contraption, almost medieval in appearance and tied up here and there with string. In Parliament they had no backroom boys to feed them with ideas and the help that they received from Party headquarters was inadequate. Indeed one of the extravagant improbabilities of British political life is that the Labour Party and the Trade Unions have almost no research staffs. Her Majesty's Opposition, which is Labour, arranges itself into various amateurish groups that meet from time to time—there is a Trade Union group, a defense group and so on. But none of these bodies has a professional behind it who looks up the facts, draws up memoranda and tentatively suggests a policy. If there is nobody in any group who feels passionately concerned, the members drift in at infrequent intervals,

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listen to an ill-informed speech from the chairman, yawn over the subsequent debate and then go away, no wiser than they were before.

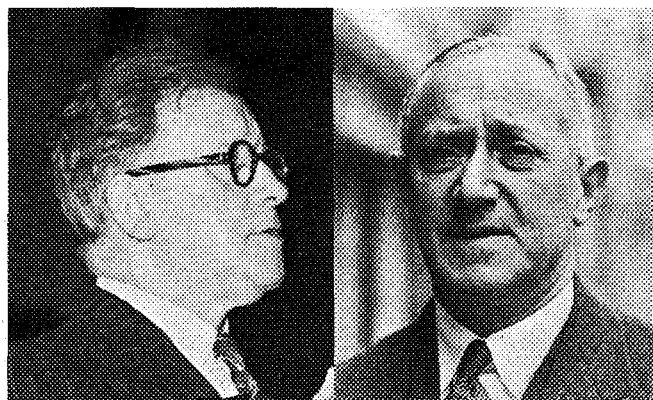
All that, we are now told, is going to be changed. Mr. Harold Wilson, once Mr. Gaitskell's bitterest opponent, has, with Mr. Gaitskell's support, been presiding over a new committee set up to look into the organization of the Movement, and has put forward a number of proposals that have since been largely adopted. In Parliament, now that Mr. Gaitskell has taken over, live bright men will be put in charge of every subject and will gather round them others of the same ardent spirit. The intellectuals are naturally enthusiastic. There has always been an antipathy to the *illuminati* in the Labour Party—nasty long-haired fellows always sticking their refined noses into what does not concern them. Now, under the Gaitskell dispensation, they believe they are going to have their chance.

Some of the old guard have been watching this with increasing disgust. Were they not fighting for Socialism and dealing out satisfying smacks on the nose while these assertive fledglings were still whining in their cradles? One can understand it. During the last few days the intellectuals have been noisily deciding who is to get what. George will have Foreign Affairs, Bert will have Defense. . . . It has been horribly like one of those sad family occasions when dear Granny departs for higher things. The relatives stifle their sobs and forget their grief in the heartening business of carving up the estate. Natural though this is, most of us recog-

nize that a certain decorum should be observed: with dear Granny still lying cold next door, one should behave with a certain respect; one should not be quite so grasping or quite so happy.

But the old guard have more serious reasons for glowering at Mr. Gaitskell as he goes his triumphant way. Mr. Shinwell, one of the most pugnacious of the veterans, objects to Mr. Gaitskell because he is middle-class. Although he detests Mr. Morrison's policies, Mr. Morrison has one glowing virtue—he is the son of a policeman. In other words, a working class party should have a working class leader. Mr. Chuter Ede, who is utterly selfless and is profoundly radical, has a rather different criticism. He believes that only a radical can lead the Labour movement, and he suspects that Mr. Gaitskell is a man of the Right. Gaitskell, he might say, will so emasculate the Socialism of the party that it will cease to be a genuine movement of the workers and will then go the way of the Socialists in France. Indeed, behind the present argument over personalities, there hovers a far more serious issue. American Conservatives will be foolish if they rejoice over the difficulties of British Labour or look eagerly toward the day when it will disintegrate. If that were ever to happen, the Communists, despised and discredited though they are at the moment, are the only political force that could fill the vacuum. We are not, in fact, discussing a parochial argument about a pump. We are discussing a matter that might conceivably prove to be of the utmost consequence to Europe and the West.

Who, then, is this new leader who, in 10 years, has gone further than anybody else in British politics? Mr. Gaitskell is, as Mr. Shinwell protests, middle-class and his background is what one might expect of a person born in an upper stratum of society. He went to a famous school that stands high in the roll of honor and from there went on to New College, Oxford, where he took a first. By then he had become a Socialist. Mr. Gaitskell saw the light during the General Strike of 1926, and it shows his innate courage and independence that while many of his playmates rushed off to drive trains, Mr.

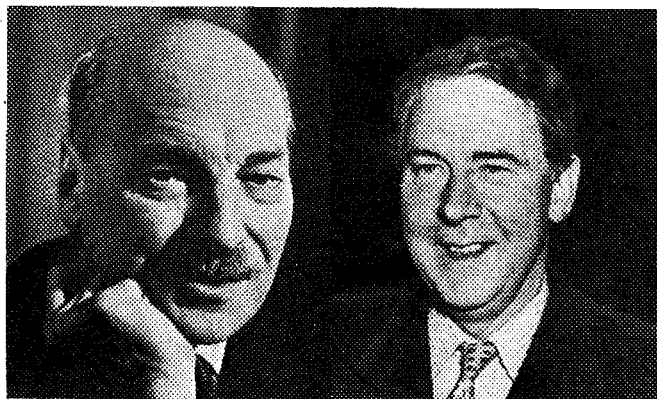


"Potentially the opposition to Gaitskell could be very formidable. Morrison must feel that he has been robbed of his birthright and will find it hard to forgive and forget. Nor is he just a lone figure."

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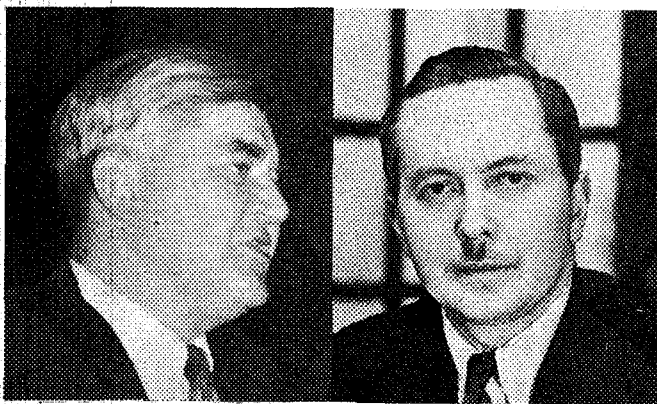
Gaitskell offered his services to the local strikers. Politically, it was the turning point of his life. He worked hard, studied social history, and made his first real contact with the workers when he became a Socialist lecturer in a society known as the Workers Educational Association. After that he took a high academic post in London University and then, during the war, proved that he was an able administrator while serving in the Civil Service. That, briefly, is his career up to 1945 when he was returned to the British House of Commons.

IN what way, the intelligent reader will ask, does this background differ from that of Mr. Attlee, who also comes from good middle-class stock? There is a difference, though it is not very easy to describe. Mr. Attlee entered the Labour Party when it was still dominated by robust working-class leaders—by men who had stomachs stained by good strong tea and who had been brought up in the slums of country and town. In those days Mr. Attlee's accent, the cut of his clothes, his habits and upbringing were not assets. In fact, one of the reasons for his later adoration of Ernest Bevin was because he felt that his friend and hero spoke with the authentic voice of the people. Mr. Gaitskell joined the party when the middle-class intellectuals had been accepted, even though some of the old guard—Mr. Shinwell, for example—remained suspicious. There was thus no reason why Mr. Gaitskell should feel any inferiority. On the contrary his training, his achievements and his obviously brilliant mind gave him every confidence. He went further. Capitalism, he held, was an evil and must be radically changed, but an evolutionary movement that rejected violence could only succeed if it had middle-class leadership. Mr. Attlee's strength and weakness was that he regarded himself as only the mouthpiece of the rank and file, and he seldom made a move of any kind until the party had spoken. Mr. Gaitskell, on the other hand, believes that a leader must lead—that the sheep will wander and destroy themselves unless they hear the call of the shepherd.



"Attlee entered the party when it was still dominated by robust working-class leaders — men who had stomachs stained by good strong tea and who had been brought up in the slums of country and town."

"Gaitskell is a young man, and he is utterly of his time. It follows that his conception of Socialism bears little resemblance to the dreams of the pioneers. The new leadership will not be the same as the old."



"Bevan, the greatest orator of the Labour movement and a man who can still draw larger crowds than any other British Socialist, fought Gaitskell day in and day out, week after week and month after month."

"Harold Wilson, once Gaitskell's bitterest opponent, has, with Gaitskell's support been presiding over a new committee to look into the Labour organization and has put forward a number of proposals that have since been largely adopted."

Mr. Gaitskell is a young man and he is utterly of his time. It follows that his conception of Socialism bears little resemblance to the dreams of the pioneers. The British Labour Party, unlike similar movements on the continent, has a Christian origin, for it was largely born in those thousands of ugly little non-conformist chapels dotted all over Britain. Socialism in the early days was seen as a fulfilment of the promises so often studied in the Bible: it meant love and charity and comradeship, a new society where Cain would lie down with Abel and man would at long last cease to slay his brother. Mr. Gaitskell, although by no means unemotional or frigid, is impatient of what he calls rhetoric and vague day dreaming; as an economist he sees the social problem as a practical one—how do we plan society so that there is no unemployment and every man has a fair chance to better himself and earn a decent living? For this reason he cannot share Mr. Bevan's belief that nationalization was handed down from on high when Providence, as is well known, founded the Labour Movement 50 years ago. It is a method that sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. It is not the root of Socialism.

But in politics actions are more important than views, and it is the part that Mr. Gaitskell played in the great Bevanite struggle that alarms the radical members of the party. Gaitskell touched it off five years ago when, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, he decided to levy a number of charges on the free Health Service introduced by Mr. Bevan. So far as one can judge Gaitskell can be acquitted of any ulterior motives of ambition or personal animosity: he did not foresee the ferocious resentment that his decision would arouse on the Left. But once committed, he showed a toughness that marks him out from all the other intellectuals in the party. Opposed though he was by Mr. Bevan, the greatest orator of the Movement and a man who can still draw larger crowds than any other British Socialist, he fought him day in day out, week after week and month after

month. He was more unbending than anybody else on the Right. This was war, he seemed to say, and could only be brought to an end with unconditional surrender.

It is this attitude that now arouses the doubts about his leadership. Is he going to adopt the same methods: shall we see a series of draconic decrees, followed by expulsions, public burnings and all the rest of it? But while some of his intimates have obviously learnt nothing and are frighteningly devoid of political wisdom, Mr. Gaitskell has shown during the last 12 months or so that he is by no means so fanatical as the past might suggest. It says a good deal for him that he should back the promotion of Mr. Harold Wilson. Even at the height of the Bevanite struggle, when the question came up of withdrawing the whip from Mr. Bevan, he was less extreme than one might have expected.

On this showing there is a fair chance that he will now try to become a father figure, work for a compromise between the extremes, and so re-unite the Movement. The question is whether the fanatics at his elbow will let him and, indeed, whether his enemies will not be so provocative that he will reluctantly decide to rule by force. Potentially the opposition to him could be very formidable. Mr. Morrison must feel that he has been robbed of his birthright and will find it hard to forgive and forget. Nor is Mr. Morrison just a lone figure. Although he and Mr. Bevan have hardly spoken to one another for years, misfortune has such a healing influence that they combined during the last stages of the election for the succession. The threat is not immediate because the party is in no mood for personal vendettas. But supposing Mr. Gaitskell started to make mistakes, supposing things went wrong and the party lost a few by-elections—what then?

THERE is perhaps a greater danger. The Labour Party has lost ground during the last five years because its followers in the country have felt apathetic and have no longer bothered to turn out to a man. It is partly because there is no unemployment in Britain today—no queues outside the Labour Exchanges, no haunting dread that father will come home and say, "Mary, I've lost me job." But one also feels that there is a subtle disillusionment. In the old days the humble worker in the vineyard felt that Labour was his Party: he had a personal pride in its fortunes and success. Today he is likely to think of it as *their* Party—"their" being clever people far removed from his understanding. Mr. Gaitskell will be quite right if he tries to inject a little energy into the anemic protoplasm at the top, but if he overdoes it, the apathy below may grow all the stronger. Democracy, after all, is a very odd beast. The old nag can be turned in the right direction, it can be told that nourishing hay and delicious oats are only just round the corner, but unless it smells the hay for itself, it will feel rebellious. And if it is driven too hard and without the necessary sympathy, it will one day throw its rider.

HOW 1955 LOOKED

to

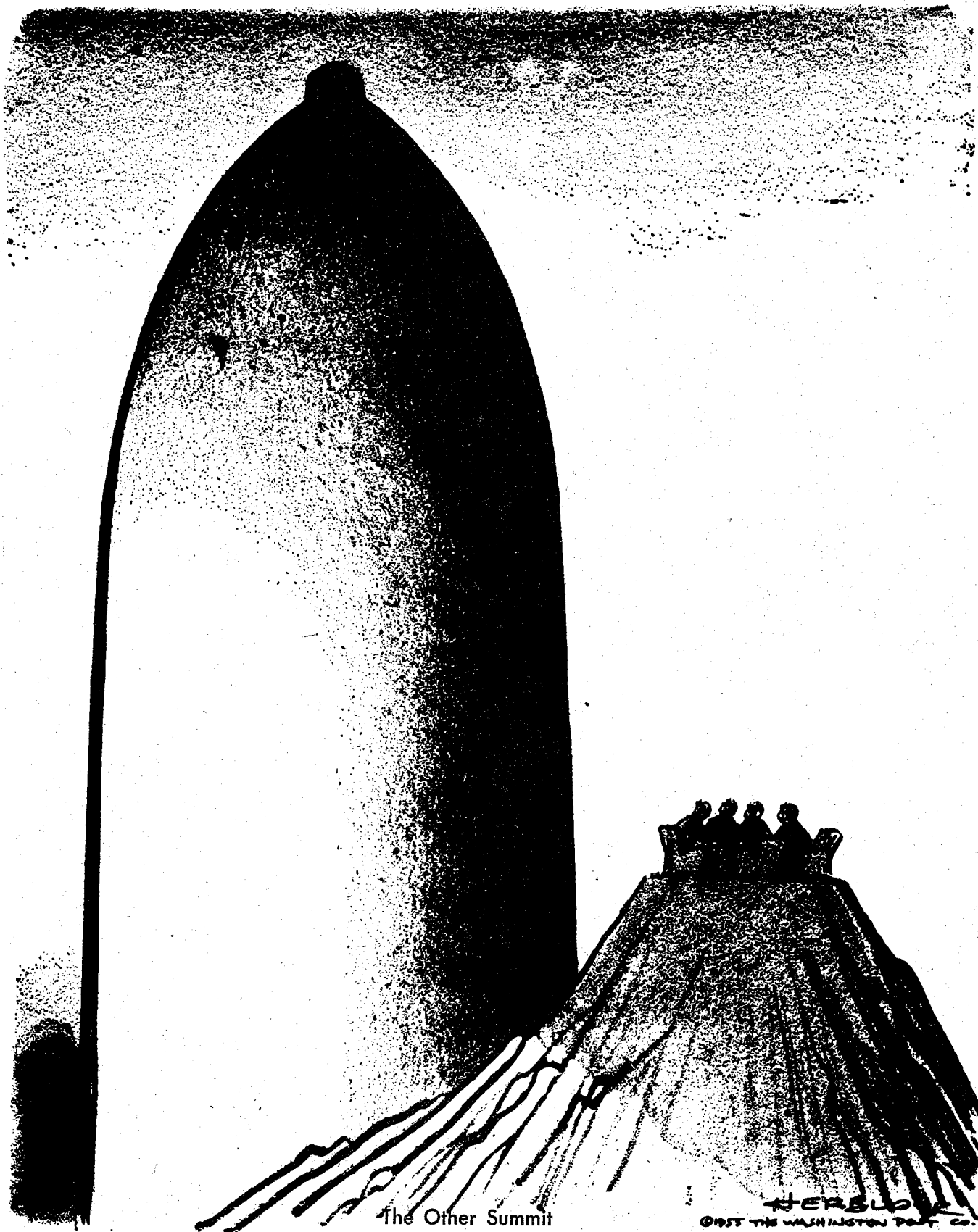
Fitzpatrick

IN THE "ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH"

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HERBLOCK

IN THE "WASHINGTON POST"



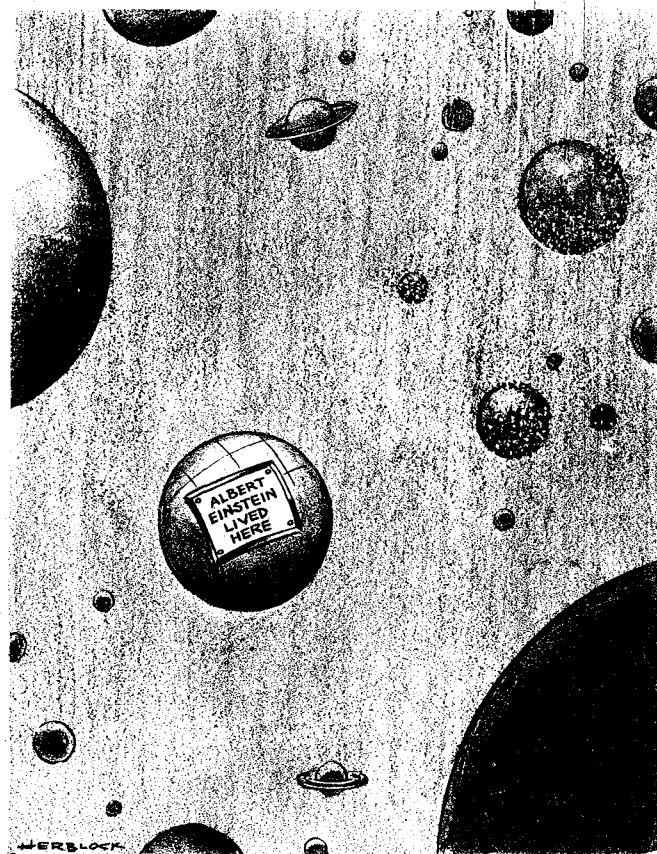
The Other Summit

HERBLOCK
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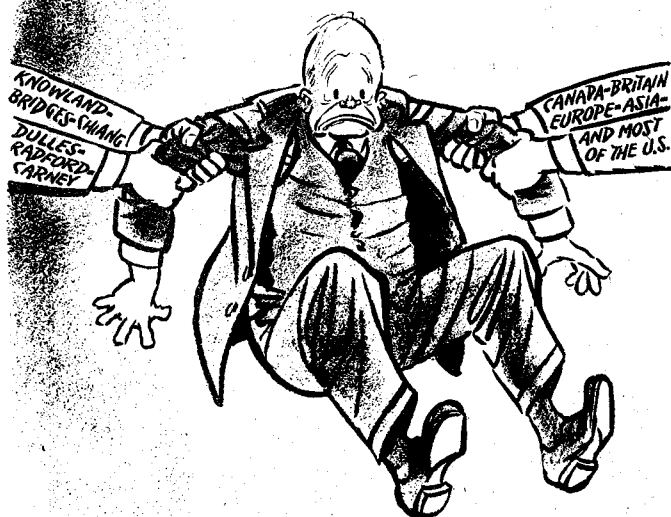


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Bah—humbug!

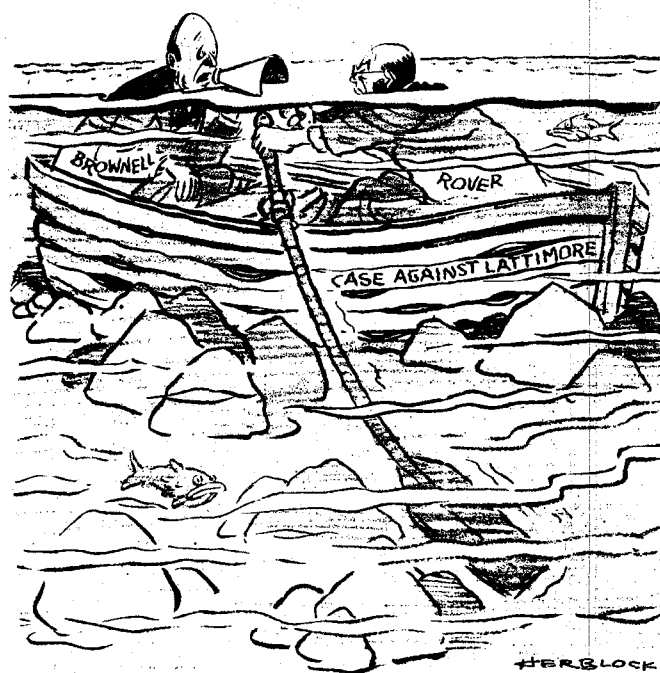


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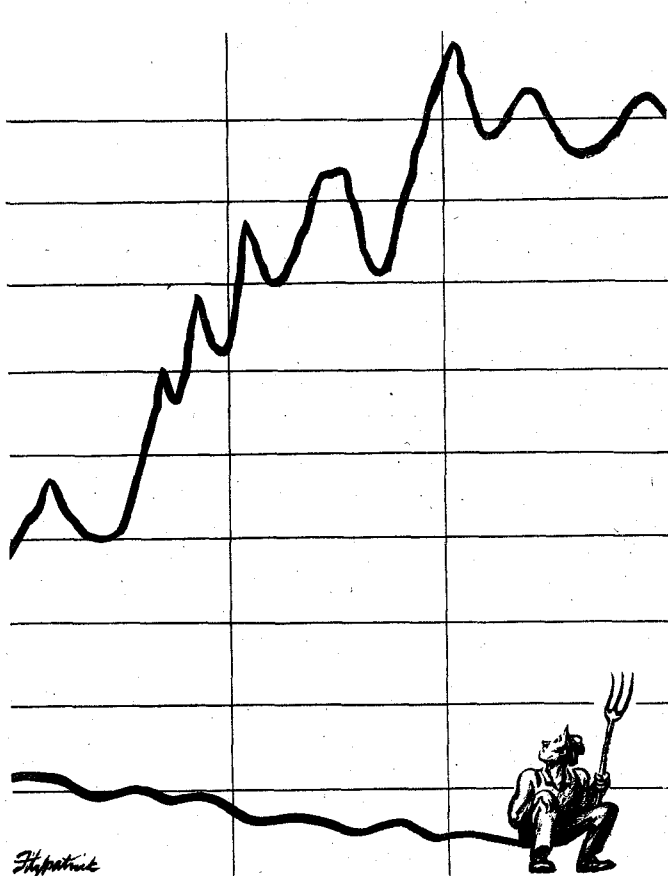
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Tug of war and peace



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THE WASHINGTON POST 45

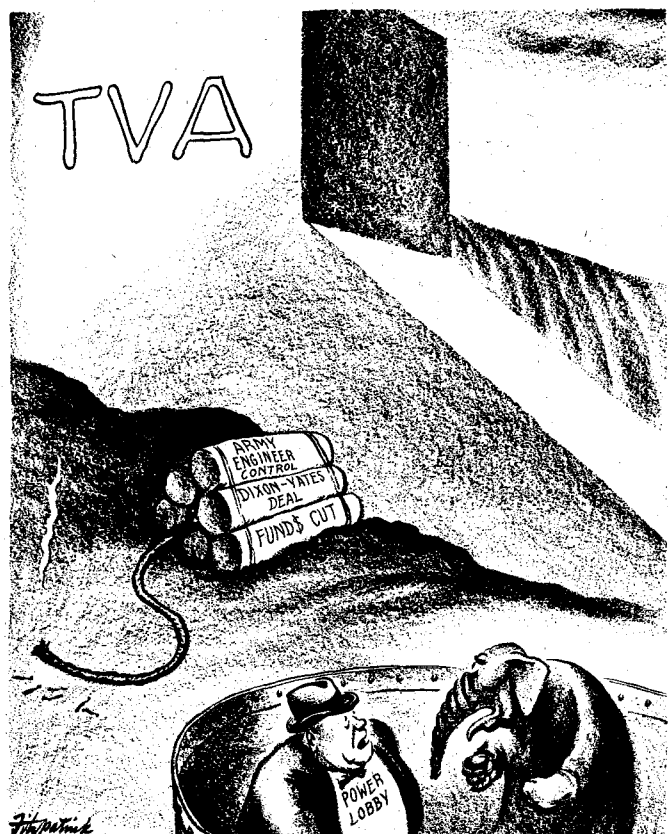
All right, Leo—that's enough



Market report



Secretary Dulles tries the Indian rope trick



Just keep on trying



Yesterday's bogeyman

A Crucifix at the Crossroad

by Warner Bloomberg, Jr.

HEAVERY gray clouds hung over northwestern Indiana on Sunday afternoon, October 16. It was a poor day for an outdoor ceremony, and only a few hundred people gathered at the intersection of federal highways 6 and 41 for the dedication of a war memorial recently erected in large, well-equipped Wicker Park just south of Hammond, about 20 miles from Chicago. American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars color guards were there, and members of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts took part in the little preliminary parade. Indeed, there was no apparent difference between this and hundreds of other such events each year in monument-minded America, unless one noticed that the only representatives of organized religion on the program were Roman Catholic priests, or wondered why the speaker who presented the deed for the statuary to the township trustee, then thanked the audience for their attendance "in spite of the opposition."

But within two days the Ministerial Association for Greater Hammond and a similar group in nearby Whiting had petitioned the trustees to have the memorial removed from the park. The Protestant, Jewish and Eastern Orthodox clergymen who put forward these resolutions denied that the monument could honor the fallen heroes of their respective faiths: for at this busy crossroads where more than 20,000 cars may pass each week-day there had been dedicated a 20-foot black cross upon which hung in white sculptured agony the crucified Christ.

"Under the guise of a war memorial to war veterans a purely sectarian religion is putting up its own religious emblems and landmarks on public property," wrote "Indignant" to the Voice of the People department of the *Hammond Times*. "Looks like they're trying to make a Spain out of Lake County, with us Protestants paying the bill."

Perhaps remembering the not so distant days of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana, some Catholics replied with equal anonymity and bad temper. To "the Protestants who condemn the crucifix memorial in Wicker Park" a "Catholic Christian" gave this advice: "You cannot carry the Bible in one hand and the book of hate in the other and call yourself a Christian, as in truth you are only a hypocrite." This same letter-writer added, "I can understand why the Jews don't approve of this memorial as

they are not Christians. I suggest to them that they erect a memorial of their own if they cannot find this one suitable."

For days the battle raged among the letter-writers, with a few temperate and signed comments appearing among the angry jibes and catcalls. With local elections coming up this year, most civic leaders declined to join in what is politically so fatal an argument, failing even to oil the stormy waters with a few barrels of clichés about tolerance and patriotism. Wicker Park superintendent Stephen Grabovac did suggest that there was no "discrimination" in accepting the crucifix war memorial since any other religious group could ask for permission to erect another monument "right next to it."

THIS notion delighted the cynics who immediately created and circulated various jokes about how the intersection might look in a few years as each religious group demanded its fair share of public property and the attention of passers-by. Several Protestant ministers immediately and angrily replied that they would oppose any sectarian symbols in the park, no matter whose, on the grounds that their display violated the separation of church and state, as well as offending those taxpayers of other faiths who contributed to the maintenance of public park property.

This brought a retort from Peter Yesh, a middle-aged, highly skilled steelworker with a deeply lined face and a firm way of speaking, who has long been active in the civic life of Gary, Indiana. He is the faithful navigator of the Lake County Abraham Lincoln Assembly of Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, the group which presented the crucifix to the park. "... We are shocked beyond words," he announced, "to be a witness to a public protest against God—anywhere—by men who on Sunday preach the word of God in their churches—and on a week-day demand, publicly, that He be removed from a public place. God is everywhere!"

The Wicker Park crucifix is, in fact, the second which the Knights have erected in Lake County. One went up last May in Gary, at the opposite and eastern end of the county, near the intersection of federal routes 12 and 20. At one time erection of 20 in this part of the Midwest was contemplated, and three more are definitely scheduled to be raised in the near future—in Whiting and East Chicago to the north and in the city of Hammond. According to William T. Schulte of Hammond, a former Republican Congressman and now a retired farmer, who is chairman of the committee which has arranged for the

Warner Bloomberg Jr. teaches at the University of Chicago and lives in Gary, Ind., where he worked in the mills many years.

locations and the dedication ceremonies, the idea originated in the assembly's Catholic Activities Committee and has caught the interested attention of similar K of C groups throughout the Midwest.

Several years ago ex-Congressman Shulte, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a booming voice, decided that the committee which he headed should do something for the community in general. Subsequent discussions among them brought forth the idea of donating war memorials, and fund-raising began. As Peter Yesh earnestly told me, "We just automatically thought of the crucifix." Quite naturally they wanted prominent locations overlooking a heavy flow of traffic. They hoped for donations of land since their funds were strained by the cost—several thousand dollars—of each figure of Christ. And they soon realized that use of park land would solve the problem of maintaining the ground around the memorial once it was erected. "Possibilities of far-reaching implications simply never entered our heads," Yesh added somewhat ruefully. "All we wanted was a monument for the war heroes."

FAR from being a "plot," as suggested by so many irate authors of letters to the *Hammond Times*, it seems that this program is a consequence of some Catholic laymen being caught up by the strange pseudo-religious revival now sweeping this country, the self-designated "back-to-God" movement which originated mainly among Protestant groups aided by various civic and patriotic organizations without direct ties to any church—a movement that has increasingly been questioned by leading Protestant clergy because it tends to emphasize the tangible—church attendance, individual worldly success, buildings and monuments—sometimes at the price of rigorous spiritual self-assessment. There is something of this materialism in Schulte's assertion that the erection of crucifixes would help "make Lake County the most God-fearing area in the Midwest," and in the suggestion that they might also remind people to drive more carefully.

It is apparent from what has happened in the Hammond area that the present quasi-religious fervor, by its very emphasis on what can be seen and heard, measured and counted, also holds a high potential for fanning into a blaze those long-lasting religious and ethnic prejudices which have often divided Americans and which have never burnt themselves out or been extinguished.

This possibility was obscured by a combination of factors when the first crucifix was raised in Gary. The little bit of otherwise unused park property on which it was set is away from the actual intersection of the two highways, off to one side, so that in spite of its size passing motorists seldom notice the memorial unless they are looking for it. The *Gary Post-Tribune* refused to publish letters about the monument unless they were signed. The Gary Ministerial Association took no public position.

The steel industry which dominates the life of the

Gary area has drawn into it the kind of diverse population which is usually associated with cities five or six times its size. Its unions, its political organizations, its commercial life all depend upon maintaining at least a surface co-operation and a deeper co-existence among the conglomeration of religious, racial and nationality groups who work and play in Gary. Inevitably it has had its share of inter-group tensions and conflicts, including some explosive anti-Negro demonstrations; but the increasing strength of the pressures against open hostility was demonstrated in recent years when a violent reaction against the use of the city's major public beach by Negroes was contained after the initial incident. In this, as in other such dangerous situations, men of good will in every group acted quickly and vigorously, often "behind the scenes." When the first crucifix was dedicated, many such leaders immediately insisted that the principle of harmony in a community like Gary could not be discarded entirely for the sake of the admittedly important principle of separation of church and state.

But beneath this surface of calm in Gary was fully as much distress and even venom as the letter-writers of Hammond have symptomized. Both Protestant and Jewish groups met to discuss the problem, and in the privacy of these closed meetings comments ranged from "who cares" to the kind of intense and intemperate condemnations of Catholics which reveal the undiminished vitality of old hates and fears. Quite a few Protestants expressed hope that some Jewish organization, perhaps B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League, would publicly take up the cudgels. "After all," one of them argued, "the cross part doesn't bother us." But many Jewish leaders insisted that the risk of reviving anti-Semitism



The Wicker Park Memorial

was too great for Jews to be involved in any anti-crucifix action, even as a minor part of a possible inter-group and predominantly Protestant protest.

Harrison Mellman, a young attorney in Gary who had been organizing a Lake County branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, undertook the preparation of a possible legal brief based upon the church-state constitutional issue. But in the atmosphere of suppressed conflict in Gary, a local taxpayer willing to take the economic and political risks of filing a complaint in court has not been found.

In "well-to-do" Hammond, however, one factor has appeared which never developed in Gary: a public protest against such a memorial on public property by a prominent Catholic in the community.

George O. Roche is president of the Holy Name Society of Our Lady of Grace Church in Highland, the community in which Wicker Park is actually located. He is not a member of the Knights of Columbus. Although he had not previously objected to Schulte's committee, the day before the dedication in the park he issued a statement affirming his belief "as an American citizen" in the "tried and true policy of separation of Church and State." Applauding the motives of the K. of C., Roche has urged that the crucifix be moved to a Catholic establishment with land that prominently overlooks Route 6 in nearby Munster. Even more important in the light of the ugly antagonisms along religious lines aroused by the controversy, he has reminded the people in Lake County that bigoted attacks upon their Catholic neighbors and upon Catholicism generally are as unfounded as they are immoral:

The Catholic Church proper has a record of building their churches, rectories, convents, orphanages, hospitals, etc., on private ground. I believe the K of C, as an unofficial fraternal organization connected with the Catholic Church, should have followed this splendid example. Let us face true facts squarely—the Crucifix is the symbol of Catholic Christianity, while the cross alone is generally accepted as the symbol of Protestant Christianity. In the United States neither takes precedence over the other. . . . To me, the test of real courage would now be the removal of the Crucifix by the Knights. Constructively speaking, then could not this worthwhile organization sponsor a drive for an "All Faiths" Memorial, thereby clasping the hands of both Jew and Protestant in friendship?

Although the first to take this stand publicly, Roche is not the first Catholic to protest to the Knights about their program of crucifix memorials. Both Schulte and Yesh were approached by some of their co-religionists in Gary last spring and warned that they could not claim the unanimous backing of the Catholic community. The priests from Highland and Griffin, where Catholics are a minority group working hard for good community relations, did not take part in the Wicker Park dedication. The Most Reverend Leo A. Pursley, auxiliary bishop of

the Fort Wayne Catholic diocese, long scheduled as the main speaker at the ceremony, could not attend "due to the pressure of other activities." He and ailing Bishop Noll had become concerned over the public expressions of resentment and especially over reported threats of violence at the dedication. Bishop Pursley canceled the mass and the public blessing.

Roche is confident that in time public opinion, both Catholic and non-Catholic, will force removal of the crucifix from the park. Inevitably, his own straightforward statement netted him many recriminations. "I know now," he told me, "what it must feel like to be a bull-fighter." But he also has been heartened by the far greater sentiments of approval from both Catholics and others, which he estimates as almost a hundred times as numerous as the condemnations. Yet they cannot narcotize the pain from the strain imposed upon friendships and ties within the spiritual community of which he is a part. Faithful navigator Yesh, on the other hand, considers Highland a "special situation" and anticipates no problems when the next crucifix is put up in predominantly Catholic East Chicago.

All of this has given Lake County, Indiana, an unhappy reminder of how tenuous in many ways is the fabric of the common life which binds us together in America in spite of the long-lived, deep-seated traditional antagonisms that have at times set neighbor against neighbor, and even brother against brother. In some ways the most tragic figures in this little drama in one corner of one state are those individuals who have dedicated themselves to furthering good will and understanding, and who have discovered in this controversy that they not only have failed to destroy the demons of bigotry and prejudice in their own communities, but that they also have not exorcised them from their own hearts.

IT is a sobering experience to hear an individual about to go out to fight against the anti-Catholic zealots exclaim with real agony—"but damn those fish-eaters!" Or to hear a Catholic, a good and generous man, accuse a Protestant who has long been his friend of being "just another ku-kluxer," of "going along with those Jews," because he reaffirmed his personal belief that the separation of church and state required removal of the monument to private grounds.

The least partisan and most objective of those with whom I have talked, in this one-county microcosm of Americans in conflict with themselves, fear that no one will be able to back down gracefully and lead to an acceptance of the crucifixes by the community or to their removal. As one of them told me, "All they do now is to rile up the zealots on both sides—those who like to see a popish plot in everything the Catholics do, and those among the Catholics who enjoy feeling that they're a persecuted minority. They don't seem to realize that every time they hate each other, they crucify Him all over again!"

BOOKS & COMMENT

What the Russians Read

by J. F. Matlock, Jr.

A SOVIET literary journal recently published a translation of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Previously, another publication offered its readers some of Ivan Bunin's short stories written in emigration. Now we hear that the State Publishing House contemplates issuing Dostoevsky's complete works to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of his death.

From a literary standpoint, there should be nothing newsworthy about the publication of these books. All are outstanding, to say the least, and all should be popular enough to ensure a publisher a good profit. These events are worth mentioning because they are unprecedented in the Soviet Union in the post-war period. Since *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway had been banished from the good graces of Soviet critics and publishers. Bunin, an anti-Soviet émigré, was obviously unacceptable politically and his recognition by the "arch-reactionary" Nobel Prize Committee did nothing to improve his reputation among Soviet officials. Dostoevsky could not be accused of anti-Soviet propaganda, but his relentless campaign against socialism and his enthusiasm for Russian Orthodoxy made his best works unpalatable to the Soviets.

It would be wrong to say that reader preference has no influence on Soviet publishers' decisions. Nevertheless, Soviet leaders themselves admit that the choice of what to publish and in what quantities is determined first of all by political and not literary or financial considerations. Since all publishing facilities are state owned and Party controlled, official policies can be enforced without exception. A picture of Soviet book production, therefore, will indicate the preferences and aims of the Soviet authorities more than the tastes of the Russian reading public.

Russia's postwar ideological offensive severely restricted the range of Soviet authors. They were called upon to take an active part in implementing the poli-

cies of Party and government and to act as educators of the Russian people. This meant that writers should concern themselves with present-day issues, the problems of industry, agriculture and defense. It meant that literature should be didactic and written in straightforward language accessible to the "broadest masses." It was no longer sufficient for a writer to avoid themes and implications offensive to the prevailing ideology. "Apolitical" became a term of abuse only less strong than "politically harmful." Critics continued to speak of literary quality, but in practice political considerations outweighed all others in the evaluation of books.

UNDER these conditions, Russian writers produced an enormous quantity of stereotyped hackwork. Blatant propaganda in verse replaced poetry. In the typical novel a returning soldier takes an ailing plant or collective farm in hand and leads it to triumphs of production. This requires combatting unprogressive elements in the factory or farm, who are invariably defeated with the help of the district Party secretary. The hero's personal life is hardly mentioned. Emotional and marital problems are solved automatically when production tasks are carried out successfully. Plays on domestic themes followed the pattern of the novel, while those on foreign subjects were poorly-dramatized anti-American diatribes.

Soviet readers did have access, however, to more than the work of their own present-day writers, since they were also offered a large number of Russian and foreign classics. Pushkin, Gogol, Goncharov, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Saltykov and Chekhov appeared repeatedly.

But political criteria were by no means absent in assessing the Russian literary heritage. Dostoevsky was condemned as a reactionary. Nikolai Leskov's remarkable novels and stories about the clergy and religious sects in Tsarist Russia were not reprinted. Some of the best

poets of the past century, like Tiutchev and Fet-Shenshin, whose lyrics were without social significance, were ignored. The poetry and prose of the important symbolist school which flourished before World War I was avoided by publishers and distorted by critics.

The Soviet attitude toward foreign literature is curious. Alexander Fadeyev, chairman of the Writers' Union, once told a gathering: "We Soviet writers can truthfully consider ourselves for the time being the only real heirs to the great literature of the world."

This attitude induced the Soviets to publish a wide range of foreign literature. Between 1946 and Stalin's death in 1953 published translations ranged from the Mahabharata and Greek tragedy to Dante, Shakespeare, Burns, Goethe, Balzac, Stendhal and Dickens. Critics justified this policy by calling all these authors "progressive for their age." But despite critical distortions, good, faithful translations were issued—those of Shakespeare and Burns, for instance, are among the best translations ever made of them.

But from 1946 to 1953 the work of only two types of recent or contemporary foreign writers was published, that of the naturalists who were most critical of capitalist society, and that of Communists and fellow travelers. Thus, the novels of Zola, of Frank Norris, and especially of Jack London and Theodore Dreiser appeared in Russian and received warm praise.

LIVING writers were judged entirely by their politics. Louis Aragon, Howard Fast, Anna Seghers, Martin Andersen Nexø and Halldor Laxness were published readily. Avowed anti-Communists, on the other hand, were ignored, even if their work would have served Soviet ends. If James Farrell, for instance, were a Communist, *Studs Lonigan* would be proclaimed a classic picture of bourgeois disintegration. As it is, he is classed as a reactionary decadent. In like manner, erstwhile sympathizers of the Soviet Union are anathematized the moment they revise their opinion. Both André Gide and John Steinbeck found that Soviet praise for their literary achievements was conditional upon their sympathy with the Soviet system.

Unfortunately for Soviet readers, the most creative writers of this century are considered incompatible with Soviet

ideology. Not since the early thirties has any Joyce been translated. (*Dubliners* and excerpts from *Ulysses* appeared at that time.) Proust's work is virtually unknown, though his name finds employment as an abusive epithet. Yeats, Eliot and Rilke also are considered unfit for Russian eyes. This isolation of the Soviet Union from the most original and provocative work of our century undoubtedly has contributed to the deterioration of Soviet literary standards.

NEVERTHELESS, the Russian and foreign classics that were reprinted must have offered readers a welcome contrast to the boring novels, poems and plays their own authors were producing. Throughout the postwar period Soviet critics have complained that literature does not measure up to Soviet reality. Recently complaints have been heard that Russian classics are always in short supply in bookstores inundated with unwanted Soviet novels, despite the fact that editions of classics are usually considerably larger than those of contemporary works.

Soon after Stalin died writers and readers alike made it clear that all were highly dissatisfied with the prevailing condition of literature. In the relatively free atmosphere of late 1953 and early 1954 many voices were heard in condemnation of the dull books which had appeared since the war. Even Stalin Prize winners were not spared this reappraisal. Attacks were most often made against superficial characterization, avoidance of emotional problems, hackneyed plots and poor literary craftsmanship in general. Of course, the Party's right to control literature was never questioned and its responsibility for the deplorable state of Soviet literature was never mentioned. Instead, the writers themselves were accused of failing to carry out Party instructions.

In their exuberant departure from established norms some writers went too far to please the new regime. During the summer of 1954 literary officials reacted against the wholesale rejection of the past, attacked several of the articles and books that had appeared and in general reminded writers that political criteria are still uppermost in Soviet literary criticism.

Official literary policy, however, did not revert all the way to the *status quo ante*. Recent novels, stories, plays and poetry contrast markedly with the typi-

cal products of 1950. Intimate lyrics of love and sorrow, hitherto condemned as non-political, now dominate the poetry pages of literary magazines. Novelists and playwrights have begun to pay more heed to the psychology of their characters, and some psychological dramas have appeared. Adventure stories without gratuitous political implications can now be published. Satire on Soviet topics, dead since 1946, has been resuscitated and is now a flourishing genre, although writers must be careful to ridicule features of life officially disapproved. The flow of anti-American literature, once a flood, has slowed to a trickle and the offensive Russian chauvinism which permeated most Soviet writing during Stalin's later years has been softened.

One of the most striking features of current publishing policy is the increase in the number of translations from foreign languages. In the twelve-month period from July, 1954, to June, 1955, nearly twice as many translations appeared as in the same period of 1950-51. A special magazine was established this year to carry translations of contemporary foreign works. For the most part foreign titles fall into the categories mentioned earlier, with the important exception that Russian versions are now permitted of some living writers who do not sympathize with the Soviet Union. The current production of Arthur Miller's *Crucible* in a Moscow

theatre is a case in point. Propagandists may hope to reap dividends from these works (pointing to the "hopeless economic position" of the "exploited" Cuban fisherman in Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea*, and the contemporary overtones of the Salem witch trials) but both would have been refused entry into the Soviet Union three years ago.

It is clear that the present Russian rulers were forced into a retreat on literary policy—a strategic retreat paralleled in many other areas of domestic and foreign policy—by the pressure of readers and writers almost unanimously dissatisfied with Soviet postwar literature. This resistance was probably for the most part passive—the best writers simply became unproductive and readers stopped paying attention to Soviet works. The new regime, therefore, allows writers greater freedom in treating nonpolitical subjects and in developing a literary style, and it has revised its opinion of certain authors, both domestic and foreign.

Nevertheless, the reading matter offered Soviet citizens is still under the strict Party control. Publication decisions are still essentially political decisions. The present policy of trying to please the public in so far as that does not require compromising basic policies is, after all, a political decision. And as long as the totalitarian system exists in Russia we can hardly expect a fundamental alteration of this situation.

The Shadow and the Substance

by Edzia Weisberg

TO PARAPHRASE Santanya, one would learn more from critics if they learned more from one another. In a period such as ours, when the concern with criticism sometimes approaches frenzy, we find only too few critics who are willing to talk to each other—not to

The Literary Symbol, by William York Tindall (Columbia; \$4.50).

mention to learn from one another. The "old" and the "new" critics engage in periodic raids across the neutral backs of a few books, and should they, by some mishap, meet at a round table discussion, or symposium, they immediately

arm themselves with a whole array of terms with which they proceed to make war. It is, therefore, gratifying to find among these warring hosts a few people of extraordinary ability who can look on the battle with amused detachment and remain neutral and at the same time take from each specific cluster of critics or from the rare solitary critic, what appear to be their best contributions.

Professor Tindall of Columbia is just such a neutral critic and one who ranks with the best. Tindall's latest book, *The Literary Symbol*, makes a valuable contribution to the understanding of contemporary literature and deserves more readers than it will undoubtedly

get. The author's eclecticism stems from a belief that the Truth about literature is not to be found in any one theory, and not from a disinclination towards partisanship. His bias, however, is directed towards authors rather than towards critical dogma.

Since lucid and elegant prose has more or less been sacrificed by most contemporary critics to the passionate defense of their theories, it would be amiss not to mention Tindall's clear and fine prose. It is pleasant to read good criticism written well.

By Tindall's own admission, his interest in literature is neither that of a philosopher nor that of a moralist. In other words, his interest is less in the philosophy behind symbolism than in seeing how a particular symbol operates in a given text.

The book purports to be an examination of the literary symbol—both *how* it functions, and *why*. As far as the *how* is concerned, he succeeds brilliantly. In close technical reading of a given text Tindall has few peers. Unlike William Empson and I. A. Richards whose devotion to close technical reading he has certainly adopted, Tindall is not irritated by leaving something unexplained. Empson says, "unexplained beauty arouses an irritation in me, a sense that this would be a good place to scratch . . ." whereas Tindall very often agrees with Keats that being in a state of uncertainty may not be the worst of conditions. He says: "After all, we are but romantics, eager to lose ourselves in a mystery, in spite of our nostalgia for Lancelot Andrewes." As smoothly as a weaver's shuttle and almost as quickly, Tindall darts back and forth between being an appreciative critic and an analytic one, and this ability is a very rare one, indeed. It leaves room for differing readings as well as for additional interpretations, without making the differing party feel that he is vainly pecking for grain on a thoroughly harvested field.

As far as the *why* is concerned, the author is either unwilling to discuss this very thoroughly, or else not interested. Surely, that is his preference; but it would have been more fruitful merely to examine how specific symbols, images, metaphors, etc., function in a particular work than to discuss them in a half-hearted way. What's more, he sets up certain distinctions between sym-

bol and image and then proceeds to use them interchangeably. For example, he writes of the caves in Forster's *A Passage to India*, as "The great unlimited symbol," whereas only seven pages earlier he states that the caves are the "central image." Perhaps the reason for this unorthodox interchange is that the definitions when first made are not very adequate. Professor Tindall merely reverses the T. E. Hulme-Ezra Pound definitions of symbol and image. Tindall's symbol is "an exact reference to something indefinite" whereas sign, metaphor and image—in ascending order of complexity—are more definitely assigned.

Similar remarks would apply to Tindall's discussion of action as symbol. It is perchance true that Kenneth Burke's discussion of action as symbol is so broad as to include, as he says "everything," but surely, Burke can't be dismissed with the wave of a hand, particularly if the dismitter contributes little to the discussion at hand. I need not repeat that when the author settles down with a specific action as symbol, his remarks are nothing if not seminal and illuminating, as a perusal of his analysis of Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse* will bear out—but at some point in this chapter the reader would like to find out

why action is symbolic. It is regrettable that this is not discussed satisfactorily. It would also be illuminating to find at some point a discussion as to why one type of action is preferred to another. Perhaps such questions are ultimately unanswerable — but if so then they shouldn't be stated as if they were going to be discussed.

Professor Tindall sometimes takes issue with things which in themselves are hardly worth discussing and then leaves them not much improved for the rehashing. He objects, for example, to the commonly held notion that a symbolist work is like a many layered cake, and says,—there are no layers—everything is there on the page, but everything can't be seen at first glance. So the picking still has to be done and whether it is like a tapestry where the various colors and figures have to be taken in one by one before one can build a sense of the whole, or whether it is like a cake eaten from top down, seems to make little difference.

However, in a book where Tindall contributes so much that is valuable in the discussion of specific symbols, it would be cantankerous to complain that he has not precisely analyzed the literary symbol, which he at the outset considers to be unanalyzable.

His Master's Voice

By E. Arnot Robertson

WHAT dog-dislikers most dislike about dogs is not their readiness to lick the hand that strikes, nor even their smell, but the way they make man in their own image: devoted owners get so like their dogs.

Here is this admirable fellow, James Thurber: a delightful draftsman, the originator of *The Seal in the Bedroom* and *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*

Thurber's Dogs, by James Thurber
(Simon and Schuster; \$3.95).

(for either of which I would be prepared to forgive him almost anything except his fawning attitude toward dogs), and the only humorist I have ever met whom it is not a mistake to meet. When he writes about dogs, masochism is rampant, he grovels to them.

Nine out of ten of Thurber's dogs, and he has owned over fifty, are, on the evidence of this book, nasty-natured, even by dog-loving standards. The more they bite him, scorn him, embarrass him in front of people, turn sick in his car and prefer to be fed by anyone else, the more he appears to dote upon them. The Thurber family was ruled for years by an Airedale called Muggs who bit not only tradesmen and visitors, but at intervals all the members of the household. Muggs had to be fed at a table, sitting on a bench or a chair like a human being, because when his dish was put conveniently for him on the floor, he bit whoever was putting it there. In telling the life story of Muggs, Thurber does not actually describe himself as approaching Muggs belly to ground, wagging everything aft of his ears in a

vain effort to placate, but that is the picture which emerges:

The dog has got more fun out of Man than Man has got out of the dog, for the clearly demonstrable reason that Man is the more laughable of the two animals . . .

and

When the first man brought the first dog to his cave (no doubt over and above his wife's protests), there began an association by which man has enormously profited. It is conceivable that the primordial male held the female, as mate or mother, in no aspect of esteem whatsoever, and that the introduction of the dog into the family circle first infected him with that benign disease known as love. Certain it is that the American male of today, in that remarkable period between infancy and adolescence, goes through a phase during which he views mother, sister and the little girl next door with cold indifference, the while he lavishes whole-hearted affection on Rex or Rover. In his grief over the loss of a dog, little boy stands for the first time on tiptoe, peering into the rueful morrow of manhood. After this most inconsolable of sorrows, there is nothing life can do to him that he will not be able somehow to bear.

Lastly,

When my poodle dies, I will bury her sorrowfully under the apple tree, and remember her bright spirit and her gently gaiety all the years of my life. . . . I take it back. I have no doubt that she will see me buried first, but she won't lie on my grave for days and nights on end, if I know Christabel. She will be out in the kitchen stomping her feet and trying to talk, and asking for steak. What is more, she will get it too.

Nip him again, Christabel, while you are both around to enjoy it so much. Because Thurber is incapable of being dull in line or word, the whole book is eminently suitable for the more intelligent dog-lovers to present to one another on their pets' birthdays and other festivals.

Notes on Contributors

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THEATRE

The Diary of Anne Frank, dramatized by F. and A. Hackett (Cort). Contrary to most people's expectation, including mine, the *Diary* proves to be a touching, charming, and not at all harrowing piece of theatre, though it ends weakly with Anne reflecting on the goodness of human nature—a principle which her story is so far from confirming. Susan Strasberg, as Anne, is as good as everyone says. The night I saw the play, there was a touch of actressiness and/or precocity in her opening scenes (and, in general, the Anne of the play seems less mature than the Anne of the book), but Miss Strasberg grows on you as the evening proceeds. She has not only the radiance which producers call "star quality" but an uncommon range for even a very talented actress of her age. The achievement of the other actors is to conceal the fact that the characterizations are stock and might easily become tiresome. The directing of Garson Kanin shows sympathy for the subject and mastery of the stage.

The Young and Beautiful by Sally Benson—the story of Josephine, the adolescent who craved amours but felt no amour—based on stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Of the shows which have already closed this season, this is the only one that I shall (or would wish to) remember. I suppose it is not a good play, but it has some very witty scenes, and the humor is far superior to the standard Broadway article. Marshall Jamison's direction was deliberately, if not always successfully, manerred. And I felt that another director might have guided the star, Lois Smith, who has magnificent temperament, from that fault of over-emphasis, which alone kept her performance from being first-rate. Someone seemed to have told her—and in so many places—"that's good, keep it," and she kept it, she kept it.

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

by George Axelrod (Belasco). An amusing evening for the many who, like myself, found *The Seven Year Itch* a great bore. Or better: an amusing three-quarters of an evening, for the ending of this story of Hollywood writing is moralistic junk (on which Louis Kro-

nenberger made the perfect comment: "Integrity in Hollywood writers should be seen and not heard."). The management is guilty of fraud in its advertising, which displays a large bosom that plays but a small part in the evening's fun, as it belongs to an actress who can't act and who really doesn't have to because the elegant Martin Gabel and the droll Orson Bean are in charge of things.

Cradle Song by G. and M. Martinez Sierra; English version by J. G. Underhill (Circle in the Square). I am sure that José Quintero does nearly all that could be done to make me like a play which I do not like (about nuns who are humanized by bringing up a baby that is left on their doorstep by a whore). His production is, I think, by far the best work of a young director who has many other credits. He seems to have more skill with actresses than with actors, and the cast is almost exclusively female. When a playwright gives him half a chance, he tends towards the frantic; but these playwrights never give him half a chance. Two things he can always do very well indeed: one is to establish a lively, ever-changing flow of feeling between two performers speaking to each other. The other is to give to a scene as a whole a lyric quality and a lyric curve. I still don't like the play. There is charm and humor. There is also diffuseness, and dullness of mind. And the wording of the English version is often ponderous and awkward.

A Hatful of Rain by Michael V. Gazzo (Lyceum). As a production this represents the American theatre at its very best, and even the script (about a drug addict in a "normal" American home) is the most interesting American writing of the season to date. No praise could be too high for Shelley Winters as the young New York wife, and Anthony Franciosa as her brother-in-law. I would hold up this work as showing what the Actors' Studio has really been trying to do: not wallowing in sordid details, or merely reproducing the facts of life, but seizing the essence of the facts, and having seized it, not fearing large, expansive emotion but letting it come out when it must. Our young actors chatter a lot about the "real"; I hope they will all go to this show and see the real. Mr.

Gazzo should be praised for the quality of his dialogue. Without being feebly naturalistic he has managed to avoid that inflation with which even the best American playwrights, from O'Neill to Miller, simulate poetry. But the drama *Hatful of Rain* has not only not been written yet, it has not even been thought through. Though good dialogue and superb acting make a dozen little dramas of a dozen separate sequences, no attempt, even the most intellectual and external, seems to have been made at integration. I should report that I saw an earlier draft of the play performed at the Studio in 1954. The changes made since then seem to me to serve the interests of public relations rather than dramatic art. For example, Shelley Winters is given some virtuous twaddle at the end that is calculated, I suppose, to forestall attacks on the author's moral character. But what she says makes hay of scenes and relationships that had been among the best things in the show. If other people imposed these changes on Mr. Gazzo, he has to learn to say no to other people; if he imposed them on himself, he has to learn to say no to part of himself.

The Matchmaker by Thornton Wilder (Royale)—a rewrite of Mr. Wilder's *Merchant of Yonkers*, which was a free adaptation from Nestroy, which Mr. Wilder says was derived from John Oxenham. Anyway, it is now a story about a nineteenth century New Yorker who is snagged by a matchmaker. I shall write about this at greater length later if I get the chance, for both what is right and what is wrong with the show need analysis. Obviously, the script proceeds from a much finer intelligence and sensibility than is commonly at work in our theatre, but I find the theatricality too self-conscious, and the core of the drama too sentimental. As for the humor (and most of the play is funny), I agree for once in my life with Richard Watts who spoke of Mr. Wilder as teacher being jolly with the class. This impression may, however, come largely from Tyrone Guthrie's production which is so facetious that it sometimes (though by no means always) fails to be funny. And I hate to see such a superb comedienne as Ruth Gordon camping all over the stage that way, and shouting so, and repeating the same gestures. But she too is often very funny.

ERIC BENTLEY

TELEVISION

On frequent occasions I feel a violent urge to tell all highbrows to go soak their heads. As a breed, they are more irritating, I think, than bus-drivers, radio announcers, or politicians. Especially abhorrent to me are those highbrows who ostentatiously avoid, and at the same time stridently criticize, most of the more popular forms of public entertainment. Listening only to FM, they proclaim that AM radio is incredibly bad. Railing against contemporary fiction, they read nothing but detective stories. Since a great many middlebrows—and a lot of full-fledged lowbrows—have taken up foreign movies, the highbrows reject the commercial cinema completely, except when old Buster Keaton and W. C. Fields comedies are revived. If highbrows are poor, they insist that they would never dream of owning a television set; if they are rich, they own a set but insist that they never turn it on.

All the vows of abstinence are broken, however, when any of these forms of entertainment makes a gesture toward highbrowism. Then, like vultures, the highbrows gather. Unlike vultures, they do not wait to see if the prey is decently dead but, instead, dive in to make sure that it soon will be.

What set me off like this was a passage in Dwight Macdonald's amusing vivisection of the Ford Foundation in recent issues of the *New Yorker*. Cutting gradually deeper into the fabulous organism on which he is operating, Mr. Macdonald thoroughly minced *Omnibus*, the ninety-minute, Sunday afternoon television show that the Foundation has been putting on for the last three years. Mr. Macdonald expresses a good deal of contempt for *Omnibus*. He seems to be mad because *Omnibus* tried to attract, and has attracted, sponsors and because it calls its sponsors "subscribers."

But I think that the real reason Mr. Macdonald doesn't like *Omnibus* is that the show has tried to present programs which, in the words of its producer, "contain values of information and enlightenment calculated to help raise not only television's program standards but also the general level of American taste and interests." Mr. Macdonald says that

it is debatable whether *Omnibus* has achieved these objectives, which means that he is sure it hasn't. He quotes the television critic of *The New York Times* as saying that "regular commercial television often runs rings around the [*Omnibus*] workshop in cultural accomplishments." He accuses it of some "moral ambiguities" in its use of commercials. And he ends up by saying that it lacks originality, that it works harder at attracting sponsors than at raising the level of television, and that it shows "an exaggerated fear of boring an audience whose capacity it may well underestimate."

Aside from the business about "moral ambiguities," which is illustrated by a single, rather lengthy case history, the specific evidence Mr. Macdonald presents to support his charges is scanty. As proof of the lack of originality he cites an old show which dealt with the goings-on behind the scenes at Grand Central Station. He also complains about the uneven quality of the offerings ("the sublime and the ridiculous, the serious and the meretricious"), but he passes judgment on only a few shows. On the credit side he lists a "fine" *Antigone* a "lively and charming" documentary called "Toby and the Tall Corn," a "sensitive" adaptation of Pamela Frankau's *The Duchess and the Smugs*, and a talk on jazz by Leonard Bernstein. He mentions only two shows which he found deplorable—a dramatization of the *Iliad* and a program about the Renaissance—though he makes it clear that there have been many, many more.

Mr. Macdonald says that *Omnibus* isn't really highbrow; rather, says, it represents "the kind of mélange that our middle-brow cultural entrepreneurs have found to be commercially profitable." And there, I think, is the rub. The show has been somewhat profitable, for a short period of time. That in itself is enough to queer it with the highbrow. It has also won itself an audience of 17,000,000, and the highbrow would sooner die than agree with 16,999,999 other people.

Of course, Mr. Macdonald can't really mean that *Omnibus* isn't at all highbrow. In addition to *Antigone* and the *Iliad*, he lists performances of Shakespeare and Chekov and Gertrude Stein, and if he has been watching the program as long as I have, he could have added dozens of other undeniably high-

brow offerings, including some frightful examples of ballet and modern dance, experimental drama, and esoteric music. What he must mean is that all of *Omnibus* isn't highbrow; he proves that by listing Jack Benny and Lou Little as performers on the show.

But the variety in *Omnibus*—the periodic descent from the upper atmosphere—surely isn't necessarily a flaw. *Omnibus* is a miscellany, and Mr. Macdonald's opinions about its varied offerings have no special authority. He found the Renaissance program embarrassingly bad; I thought it was wonderful. He loved "Toby and the Tall Corn"; my brow is not sufficiently high for me to be overly charmed by a film about a lowbrow tent show, no matter how many international film festival awards it wins. I liked Mr. Bernstein on jazz but found his own attempts at jazz composition somewhat rectangular. (And that will give you a pretty good idea where my brow lies.) I liked Mr. Bernstein better on the art of conducting, about which I know nothing, and I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Macdonald loathed it. I was amused by Esther Williams in the Yale swimming pool, which Mr. Macdonald probably hated, and I was bored by Antonio and his Spanish dancers, which he may have loved.

But I doubt that Mr. Macdonald saw these other *Omnibus* shows. I don't think he's watched much TV. If he had, he simply couldn't be so unpleasant about *Omnibus*. Uneven as it is, cute and arch and pretentious and arty and downright lousy as it can sometimes be, it remains by far the most interesting program regularly presented on television. And it is certainly the most original. Just how hard it works to attract sponsors I don't know, but I believe it has lost a couple since last year, if that's any satisfaction to Mr. Macdonald.

Just what "regular commercial programs" run rings around *Omnibus* in "cultural accomplishment," I haven't the vaguest idea. *Wide, Wide World*, maybe? I don't believe the *Times* man is right. But if he is, I'll bet that a good deal of the credit should go to *Omnibus*. Even though Mr. Macdonald is dubious about the whole thing, I wouldn't be surprised if *Omnibus* has raised television's program standards. And raised the level of American taste and interests, too. DAVID R. EBBITT

A COMMUNICATION

Mr. Nehru's Intentions

The communication below was written at the request of *The New Republic* by a leading Indian journalist, K. Rangaswami, veteran New Delhi correspondent of *The Hindu* of Madras. It is in rebuttal to G. S. Bhargava's critical portrait, "Uncle Nehru," which *The NR* published Nov. 14 as a reflection of opinion in one section of Indian political life. Bhargava sought to depict a Nehru fast becoming a dictator convinced that he must play a Mao-style role to speed India's economic development. Now on an American tour, Rangaswami was a member of the press party accompanying Nehru on his June Soviet visit. He covers the Indian Parliament for the *Manchester Guardian*.

I HAVE read with amazement the charge of dictatorship levelled against Prime Minister Nehru by G. S. Bhargava (*NR*, Nov. 14).

At a time when the Indian tour of the Soviet leaders has attracted so much attention in the United States, leading to speculation as to where India is heading, I find it especially disturbing to read the accusation that Nehru's Soviet and Chinese visits converted him to the "one party-one leader" philosophy. There is no responsible Indian leader close to Nehru who has this impression.

Bhargava's elusive charges against Nehru include the specific claim that "the legend of infallibility is being sedulously created" around him. On the contrary, Nehru has always relied on one or another prominent leader for advice, and he does so in full view of the people. When Gandhiji was alive, Nehru leaned on him heavily. He was often content to be guided by Gandhiji and offered him implicit obedience even if it went counter to his own judgment. On the historic occasion in July, 1942, when the Congress Working Committee adopted the so-called "Do or Die" resolution, demanding that Britain quit the country before India would back the war effort, Nehru and the then Congress president, Maulana Azad, differed in certain material respects with Gandhiji's draft. But finally Nehru bowed. Since then, Nehru has had a succession of advisers. Nehru's public deference to his trusted aides is not the posture of a dictator.

To the charge that Nehru's love for democracy is only skin deep, one must reply by pointing to the record of Nehru's behavior with respect to the implementation of the very policies he himself holds dearest. Without doubt, by virtue of the position he holds, Nehru wields enormous power and pat-

ronage. But this does not mean that he can thrust his own views on the people or ride roughshod over their feelings. Nor has Nehru attempted to do so. Indeed, for progressive thinkers in India it might be supposed that Nehru would be considered, if anything, too slow-moving rather than too dictatorial.

Take the revision of the Hindu Code, India's corpus of law and custom regulating social affairs. Nehru stands at the head of modern opinion in his support of reform measures in Hindu social custom. But his own party contains a large conservative element which denies him full freedom. After ten years of struggle, Nehru has been able to put on the statute books only a small selection of the reforms he favors.

On the controversial question of land reform, Nehru and his Planning Commission have for five years been strenuously seeking to fix ceilings on landholdings by big estate owners in the country. Under India's Constitution, however, this subject is entirely within the jurisdiction of state governments. However much Nehru may protest and thunder, the state governments are taking their own leisurely course.

Nehru is blamed for "seeking peace with the right-wing communal group by his attitude towards Pakistan and his promise to accept the Hindu revivalist conception of Bharatiya culture." This is a charge which will not stand a moment's scrutiny. It contradicts the entire case that Nehru is a dictator in the making, for a strong man modeled after the Peking or Moscow pattern need have no regard for reactionary groups, especially if they enjoy the scant strength of the communal groups in India.

Bhargava does not adduce evidence to support his claim that "people have to

believe in Nehru implicitly, carry out his dictates without question and feel happy about it." In any case this is a strange conception of dictatorship. Except for matters of policy which are decided by the Cabinet, the ministers enjoy full freedom and discretion in the administration of the departments under them. There is unfortunately in India a regrettable tendency for a number of ministers to rush to the Prime Minister for guidance even in matters of detail. Obviously, the Prime Minister cannot be an expert on all subjects under the sun. It may be that the advice is sought by ministers not out of lack of confidence in themselves, but because it is considered necessary to bring the political prestige of the Prime Minister into play and to make known that the scheme in question enjoys his blessings. This may not be an ideal situation. But it is not the making entirely of Nehru.

There is one criticism which Bhargava has not made which is often levelled in India, perhaps with some justification, that Nehru has not built a successor or successors in the country. Gandhiji, long before his death, withdrew from active leadership and left it to his colleagues to reach conclusions and take decisions. He had the unique gift of attracting young and old of different shades of thought, ever seeking to draw out the best in them. Nehru's position is as undisputed in India today as that Gandhiji enjoyed. He can afford safely to select a group of progressive youngsters to lead the states. If there is no single outstanding personality to succeed Nehru, then the mantle of leadership will instead fall on a group.

Repeated reference to the plight of the Socialist Party makes it plain that what lies behind Bhargava's attack is his disappointment that Socialist leaders will not be in a position to succeed to Indian leadership. The responsibility for this sad state of affairs must rest entirely on the Socialists themselves. Bhargava charges Nehru with having attempted to subvert the Socialist Party. It is not by any means the exclusive characteristic of a dictator to seek to neutralize the opposition. It is true that Nehru offered to take the Socialists into a coalition regime two years ago. If the Socialists succumbed to the bait of office and were demoralized and disrupted in the bargain, who is to blame?

A large number of the Socialists, ex-

cept for some recent additions, are ex-members of the Congress Party whose patriotism is undoubted. But many of them are too old for active political work, though too young to retire completely. The Socialist Party's showing in the general elections four years ago placed it second only to the Congress. Partly through opportunist alliances during and after the election, the Socialist leaders lost respect in the country and have steered the party to near disintegration. The people of India realize the danger of having only one party in the country. But the suicidal politics of the Socialist Party has left India without alternative democratic party.

While Bhargava seems quite definite as to the content of the slogan "socialistic pattern of society," which he says the Congress has stolen from the Socialist Party, I doubt whether even Congress leaders will venture to spell out the meaning. I heard Maulana Azad, Education Minister, move the resolution on the economic policy at the Avadi session of the Congress this year. Though he was emphatic that the Socialistic pattern was neither socialism nor Communism, he did not say what it was. There the matter rests. As a slogan it is attractive and politically effective. Surely a political party cannot be blamed for using effective slogans. Many are still puzzled as to whether the Avadi resolution actually implied any radical departure from the existing state of affairs. In the event of an earnest attempt to introduce an element of reality into the slogan, the gap between contending viewpoints within the Congress Party would undoubtedly widen. With no external opposition to the Congress at such a time, the party would probably divide from within on ideological grounds.

The suggestion that Nehru and his government are in fact taking sweeping socialist measures, coupled with the dire warning that Nehru has decided that "the path of China, with variations, is the path for India," can only mislead Americans. During my tour of the United States in the last two months, I found that the reception showered on Bulganin and Khrushchev in India has exercised public opinion in this country considerably. Undue significance has been attached to this reception. I saw the magnificent reception accorded to Nehru when he visited the Soviet Union. Undoubtedly it was not spontaneous; the

Soviet leaders encouraged their people to offer a warm welcome to Nehru. This same kind of reception was, we are frank to say, organized for the Russians.

If free transport was provided to attract visitors, as has been reported by the Delhi correspondent of *The New York Times*, I do not see why this should be interpreted as an effort to persuade unwilling people to form a crowd to impress the visitors. In a country with more than one-half of the population unemployed or under-employed, a crowd can collect without anyone's effort. But if free transport has been found necessary to attract the people, indeed it has revealed a different tale of their attitude towards the visitors. When Nehru was welcomed by the Russian people at the suggestion of their leaders, did it imply any admiration for the democratic system of government obtaining in the land of Nehru? If not, why should the reception accorded to the Russian leaders be construed as admiration of the Indian people for Communist ideology?

The people of the United States should remember that India does not and cannot have any basic grievance against this great and friendly country. Indian and American interests do not clash. If India has chosen to make suggestions, it is as a lover of world peace. The reason for the greater criticism of Western powers than of the Communist bloc which some believe to exist can perhaps be found in the simple fact that the Western countries are democracies like India. They can stand criticism. India is sensitive and reacts quickly to events. One can recall the indignation which swept from one end of the country to the other when the Chinese Communist troops entered Tibet. Nehru's government sent a sharply worded protest. The reply was stunning. Both Moscow and Peking called India "the running dog of Anglo-American imperialism." Since then, India has ceased to offer public advice to the Communist countries and has avoided unpleasantness. If the West wants a similar silence, they can have it too.

K. RANGASWAMI

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